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'Surrounded as it is by mighty mountains, dark winding glens—all its lakes and streams, rocks and waterfalls, in keeping, and accordant association with a place of ruins; ruins that testify of altars and of a priesthood overthrown—a work-shop made desolate—a people scattered and peeled; where the long, continuous shadow of the lofty and slender round tower moves slowly from morn till eve, over wasted churches, crumbling oratories, shattered crosses, scathed yew-trees, and tombs, now undistinguishable, of bishops, abbots, and anchorites—walking its round as time's sentinel, and telling forth to the Ancient of Days how many suns have run their diurnal and annual course since these holy men of old had descended to their graves.'

"In this solitude dwelt St. Kevin, during the early ages of Christianity; before 'these wilds' had become sanctified by the sound of many voices mingling in sweet and blessed psalmody. Ages, we have said; for Kevin appears to have lived in three centuries—the fifth, sixth, and seventh; and here he died, on the 3d of June, A. D. 618, having, according to Usher (p. 494), 'nearly completed the uncommon and venerable age of one hundred and twenty years.' He was the founder of the fame of Glendalough; and Kevin is still remembered as its patron saint.

"It is time, however, that we should arrive at our immediate subject—the Bed of St. Kevin; and in this there is some difficulty, as the reader possibly has felt, and will perceive when it is explained that the bed in question is a cavity in the face of the nearly perpendicular side of Lugduff, marked in the Plate by a cross at one end, and the figure of an anchorite at the other; and that this hollow is at a fearful elevation above the dark waters of a deep lake. Whether the bed was excavated by art, or was originally a natural recess, has not been satisfactorily demonstrated. Probably, nature, like the genuine inventor, gave the idea, and art, stepping in with a little aid, seized upon the hint, adapted it to her own purposes, and carried off the reputation.

"Beyond conjecture we venture not. Although the gigantic and incomprehensible works of man in the olden times remain monuments which excite our wonder—the grotesque formations of rock are so various and surprising as to silence rational conjecture. Indeed, it is often difficult to say, as in the case of the rocking stones, how far the operations of nature have produced the object of our marvel, or how far it may be ascribed to human design and execution. In such matters we pretend to no skill: our respect for geology is far higher than our attainments in that ennobling science."

Our author then proceeds in a very pleasant way to recite some amusing anecdotes connected with the bed; but as we shall have occasion in a following column to revisit the spot, for the present we close our observations on the Landscape Illustrations, simply telling the reader fond of Irish lore served up with true Irish taste, that here he will find a treat.

KEVIN'S BED.

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM. BY MAJOR COSBY.*

There is some particular place in Ireland—we forget the spot—in which it is said, that "it never rains but it pours;" and sure we are, that the readers of the Journal will be disposed to apply the idea to the many works on Ireland which have recently issued from the Irish press. Some short time since the traveller could scarcely find a work in print having reference to Ireland—at present there is scarcely a month passes without some new publication appearing, descriptive of its scenery, or having reference to its ancient or modern history. As we ourselves printed the little work whose title is given above, we shall not (least we should be accused of an unfair partiality) express an opinion upon it, more than to say, that in the poem, various legends, connected with different parts of the County of Wicklow, are intro-

duced, and that the Appendix contains a correct and useful itinerary for tourists. The following we select from among the legends of the lake:—

LEGEND OF ST. KEVIN'S DOG.

"The church now built, the roof resounds,
In praise of God, in glad'ning sounds;
And in the record book of fame,
Enrolled is Kevin's holy name;
And his good dog as I have shown,
Recorded in the church on stone;
Now, at this time the great O'Toole,
Who swayed the country with his rule,
Thought it discreet to visit Kevin,
And offer up his vows to heaven;
Wily then the saint addressing,
Asked the good man for his blessing;
And pious offered in return,
The lands he knew belonged to Byrne.*

Observed he was in space confined,
For one who heavenly works designed;
Then princely said he unto Kevin,
A vow I offer up to heaven;
What you require now, be it such,
I know you will not ask too much;
You now shall have without reserve,
So may Saint Patrick me preserve.

Knowing O'Toole an hollow cask,
The saint a trifle seemed to ask;
Said to the prince—look on that dog,
Who at the fire appears a log;
Brought in to make a sparkling blaze,
Whilst at their monarch vassals gaze.

He once was fleet as is the wind,
He now is lame and nearly blind;
Give me the plain and heathy ground,
Which that lame dog can compass round,
Within an hour, and I'm content,
So it be free from charge or rent.

Princely O'Toole replied to Kevin,
My willing vow has passed to heaven;
Be the dog old, or lame, or not,
My vow shall never be forgot;
Then smiled on Kevin as a fool,
And felt himself the great O'Toole.

The deed now registered in heaven,
To his old faithful dog called Kevin;
My Spring, once fleet as is the wind,
More fleet than is the mountain hind;
My Spring, throw off that load of time,
Thy limbs be nerved as in thy prime;
Be thou a record to all such,
Who seem as if they gave too much;
Yet in their heart are lame as thou,
Who when they make an holy vow,
Compound the glorious hope of heaven,
For this vain world's unholy leaven;
Rise up, my dog, cast off that coil,
And for the church one hour now toil.

Away, good dog, the mountain take,
Range far and wide around the lake. —
Spring now in rapid motion seen,
Skims the smooth lawn and midland green;
Now in the forest depth is lost,
Anon the mountain brow has crossed;
Great Derrybawn† he quickly rounds,
And his deep tongue, in joyous sounds,
Proclaims him rapid on his way,
Like echo, nought his course can stay;
Now deep within the mountain's breast,
Lugduff‡ gigantic o'er the rest;
Whose heath-capt summit, wild and bleak,
Eternal gloom spreads o'er the lake;
Now seen to make a wider cast,
And as he snuffs the northern blast,
Huge Comaderry† summit seen,
Its purple brow tinged o'er with green;
Still much to do within the time,
Of valley's space and height to climb,

* Kevin's Bed, a Descriptive Poem of various Scenery in the County of Wicklow, in Ireland; and *Legendary Tales of St. Kevin*. To which is added, a *Correct Guide as to Distances and Accommodation*. By Major Cosby.

* The septa of O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, and O'Callens, ruled over this part of the country.

† Mountains round the lakes, which open on the east to Rathdrum in one direction, and Anamoe in the other.

In order to complete his round,
Which is by northern Broca bound.
O'Toole remains in deep surprise,
In vacant thought looks on the skies ;
Now turns to gaze upon the glass,
And sees the moments quickly pass ;
Scarcely a grain of sand behind,
Comfort conveys unto his mind ;
As the unholy thought just now,
Absolves him from his sacred vow ;
Two minutes more remain for doubt,
Two minutes, and his vow 's rub'd out ;
An awful calm now reigns around
The precincts of the holy ground ;
Next dreadful panics seize the throng,
The saint now sings an holy song ;
Spring not yet seen, where can he be,
O'Toole the devil must have in fee ;
What else could lead the dog astray,
Or lengthen out his weary way ?
All eyes intent upon the glass,
One little moment yet to pass ;
When, lo ! Spring leaps the high Cathedral wall,
And at his master's feet doth lifeless fall.

THE DESERTER,
OR AN IRISHMAN'S WAY OF TELLING A STORY.

Leaving home is always attended with distressing feelings, but quitting one's country for the first time is particularly painful. Each object that catches your eye at parting, recalls some painful recollection. The hills, plains, and all around, seem then more interesting than ever. You gaze on them with an intensity of feeling, and the swollen heart impedes the respiration as the reckless vessel dashes through the foaming waves, and hurries you from the cherished spot ; each moment new objects are presented to the fatigued and anxious eye, and at the conclusion of this panoramic view, the distance throws a veil over the faded scene, until at length the wearied vision is liberated from its painful task, as nought remains but "all heaven above, all sea around us." It was in such a moment as this that as Wilmot paced the quarter deck, he beheld his native mountains receding from his view. Kingstown had already disappeared, and the Rochestown hills were scarcely visible. He felt that each wave impelled him farther from those beloved scenes, and he could not refrain from indulging in melancholy reflections on the prospect of quitting Ireland perhaps for ever. He turned from the vast and monotonous expanse of sea and sky, and endeavoured to calm his agitated feelings, by examining the little world on which he stood. Around the mast he perceived a crowd collected, and curiosity induced him to investigate the cause. A sergeant had just liberated two unfortunate deserters from their fetters, as there then existed no possibility of escape. They had the appearance of Irish peasants, and, commiserating their fate, Wilmot descended on the main deck to converse with them.

"Well, my poor fellow," said he to one of them, "how did you get into this plight?"

"Och, sir, that's a long story, any how, and sorra bit o' me knows what il be the ind of it—och musha, may ye niver know the sorrow of misforchin, bekays its mischief all out, an' makes many a man do an undecent turn, so it does. By reason of it, I was cotched by an ould sargint with a durty shillin', for all the world like they cotch the trout with a shinin' fly—och, more sorrow to him every day he sees a pavin' stone, and the likes of them that takes in poor innocent craters like huz ; so ye see we wor perpetually marched about, all over the country, like a flock of geese, and myself begins to get mighty sick of it entirely. Well, and musha—shure Sir I'm quite unasy to be afthur keepin' your honor all this time in the cowl, talkin' with the likes of me, so I am—but as I was sayin' afore, our regiment was marched about tell we come all the way to Liverpool. Sorra bit o' me knows where it is, only its across the sac, bekays I doesn't know the geography o' the place at all at all, more blame to me, for Father Kearney, kind sowl, offered to tache me larnin', and make a man of me, so he did when I was notain' but a bit of a gorsoon ; but the sorra

taste did I mind him, be rason of me bein' fond of de-version, an' so I let him keep his larnin' to himself, and sure enough its himself that was larned, and cud spake Latin as fast as"—

"I suppose somewhat faster than you speak English," interrupted Wilmot dryly.

"Och bother—there was a taste o' difference, any how, but howsomediver, Sur, he was a great man entirely Well, one mornin' I gets a lettther from my sither, down in Wicklow, (the Lord bless her, and mark her to grace,) and she tould me to come up to her weddin' that was to happen with Darby Malowney—and be the same token, Darby's mother was my mother's"—

"Oh, let alone your relations, or we shall never hear the end of it."

"Just as you please, Sur. Well, I axed lave of the sargint, sorra take him, and bekays there was no great liken between huz, he wouldn't let me ; an' shure its myself wouldn't stay from Peggy's weddin' for the king himself, and so I tuk Frinch lave, an' threw aff me regimentals, and popp'd into a country man's coat, so then I looked for all the world like myself come to myself again, so crassin' the salt saes wanst more, I landed agin in the great city of Dublin, and great's the pity the rich sort won't live in so purty a place ; but if Dan O'Connell, long life to him, has any thrue pluck in him, he'll be afthur taching thim, not to be spendin' their good mony in furren parts, with the Frinch and the likes o' them, bekays its a mortyal shame, and the ruination of Ireland, so it is. Well thin findin' myself like a lark out of a cage, I just stepped into a frind's house on the quay, to take the shiver o' the sac aff me, and to drink a health to myself, that I left behind in Englint ; and shure I couldn't think there was harm in that, but I soon found the defer, yer honor, bekays it made me forget that the king and I wasn't frinds ye see, an' so as I was goin' down the quays to set aff for Wicklow, who the mischief should come across me but an officer, and so by rason o' the dhrop I tuk, I didn't think I wasn't a soger, an' well become me, I ups wid my hand quite rigglar to slute him—bad win to ye, says I to myself, the minnit I done it, and he seen I was bothered or somethin, and so he axed me was I a soger. Myself was niver given to tellin' a lie, but the ould boy got betune me for wanst—an' says I, quite smart—"niver your honor."

"You lie," says he, when he seen me git as red as his coat, and he offered to collar me.

"Be asy," says I, "or more luck to me but I'll settle ye"—wi'd that my dear, he dhrew his sword, and tuk me prisner, and there your honor's the long and the short of it."

Wilmot commiserated his fate, and promised to exert his influence in Liverpool, on his behalf. He was then about to retire to the cabin, when Jim in a most insinuating tone addressed him.

"I ax your pardin, your honour, and if it wasn't too bold—for ye see poor cratures like huz is allowed nothin' at all, at all, buta bit o' dry bred, and mighty cowl comfort that same is, sure enough—and if your honor, that has sich a tender heart, an' my blessin' be along wid ye—an' its only tellin' truth, for no rason at all, at all, but bekays we're dry—and maybe your honor wouldn't have a sixpence, or so, to be afther drinkin' your honor's health and prosperity."

Wilmot could not withstand this forcible appeal to his feelings and vanity, and returned to the quarter deck, overpowered with blessings ; and in a short time afterwards he perceived Jim, with his friend in adversity, regardless of the frightful punishment that awaited them, indulging in whatever amusement presented itself, and soothing their misfortunes by powerful potations from that Lethe of Irish sorrows, "a drop of the crathur."

M.

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